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Maid of Lismore

Author Unknown

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Maid of Lismore?

One day as I chanced to go roving,
It being in the sweet month of May,
And Phoebus approaching most charming
His brilliant and blooming rays
chanced for to meet a young female
Whose aspect did me ensnare,
And she making her way to Dungarvin
Before the first dawn of day,

I quickly approached this young female
And asked her how far she might go,
Or was she belong to dungarvin
Or where was her native home,
She said I belong to Lismore sir
And some turkeys I have for sale,
And I'm going to the town of Dungarvin
For this is the market day,

Her cheeks were as red as the roses
Her skin like the falling snow,
And her limbs were the same in proportion
I felt for her going alone;
I asked if she wanted a driver
Her donkey was going so slow
And its then you'll be in full time there,
And your turkeys will be all sold

She quickened her paces before me,
And I told her to take her ease
And the more I advanced to incourse her,
The quicker she made away
But in sweet Cappoquin I embraced her,
And I called for a Cruiskeen lawn;
If I drank up a barrel of Porter
This damsel would pay for it all.

When I found her so civil and jovial
I wished her for to be my own,
I told her I held a large farm
As long as the lace would hold,
Besides I have cattle and corn
And money that nobody knows,
And I'll make you as snug and as warm
As if you had owned all Lismore.

While Katty and I were discoursing
She smiled at me now and then,
Her apron string she kept foulding
And twisting all round her ring,
I called for another for Jerome
Till Katty and I were well pleased,
And we slept till the market was over
And turkeys by and by got cheap.

But as soon as our slumber was over
I told her I should retrace,
I'll go and consult with my master
My farm is out lace,
Besides on last week I was customed
To pay up an old arrears,
And I fear that he'll give me no quarters
Without paying him down on the nail,

With tears in her eyes she approached me
And called me a thousand rogues,
And she said that I was a deceiver
In every word that I spoke,
With flattering speeches you coaxed me
And you boasting of all your stores,
But now when my hopes you have smothered
You'll leave me to lie here alone:

The curse of the crows may await you
You trickles me a naughty rogue,
How can I go home to my father
Or how can I face sweet Lismore,
I'll bring you before the Recorder,
In Waterford town on next June,
And you will be hung or transported
For teespassing on the law soon.